

Good Morning 755

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Your Letter said R.S.V.P. Hibenton replies

THE first letter on this morning's pile comes from A.B. James Johnson, of Sea-Devil, who wants to know whether we can find an instrument to replace the gramophone which previously did its worst in the fore-ends and is now broken down.

Well, the answer is that gramophones are not the easiest of things to find just now, but if we can possibly lay our hands on one we will let you know. I hope for your sake that we are successful.

Thanks for the kind words about the paper; I hope it wasn't just that much flannel. Sorry to disappoint, but I'm afraid our supply of Janes is now completely exhausted.

If at any future date we get in a further supply of pin-ups of the little lady, I will keep your name in mind, and you can rest assured you will get one.

GENTLEMEN, meet a Submariner who is not 100 per cent. for our pin-ups—not as they are anyway. The Submariner is P.O.F. Belchambers, of "Tireless," though I should make it clear here and now that his only complaint against our pepsies is that they are too large.

Some say the larger the better, Mr. Belchambers, and who am I to disagree with them?

I was glad to hear that you have Mrs. Belchambers with you, for the time being anyway, and I will certainly bear in mind not to call on her until mid-August or thereabouts. Give her my regards and tell her to look out for the man or woman reporter who says "Good Morning."

SORRY those pin-ups took a long while getting to you on "Sea Rover," Lieut. Wright, but I hope that didn't make them any the less welcome.

You certainly do seem to be getting around these days, and your letter certainly makes life sound glamorous. I wish I were with you.

THIS is an apology for Lieut. Jackie Warner, late of "Tally Ho." I'm still kicking myself that I wasn't able to get along to your wedding, for memories of No. 10 with you and Snoopy Thurlow make me sure I would have enjoyed myself.

The muddle was caused through Ron Richards being in the middle of his honeymoon when your letter arrived, and my being on holiday when he got back.

It is my earnest hope that we can make amends next time you are in Town.

If I am not too late, I would like to wish you and Mrs. Warner every happiness and all the usual trimmings which one usually wishes the bride and groom.

THIS is for A.B. L. Ellingham, on "Vigorous." Thanks, Duke, for passing on to your shipmates my message about writing more often. They are certainly doing well now.

You will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that we have added our fiancée's addresses to our list, but don't go looking out

Atomic Bang is mere Squib to THIS noise

C. N. DORAN relates how a Pacific island went up in smoke and shook the world

IT actually and literally shook the world and was heard over continents.

Although it happened in 1883 its effects are still being investigated.

Nothing anywhere approaching this noise ever assailed human ears.

The thunder of massed artillery fire was like a whisper compared to it.

It affected the atmosphere right round the earth and sent shuddering waves of ether far across space.

It occurred in the Far East, in waters which British submarines have recently sailed.

This, the greatest noise mankind ever heard, burst out on Sunday, August 26, 1883, in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, in the Dutch East Indies.

Nothing in history can rival the cataclysmic eruption of Krakatoa. It was a spectacle of such immense, ruthless destruction that no words can describe it. It was an epic of convulsion.

It blotted out the sun from the Far East. It tore islands up by the roots and hurled

them like dust, and as dust, across the seas. Towns, villages, vast tracts of land were demolished. The face of nature for hundreds of miles was changed beyond recognition.

Nobody knows how many human beings perished. One estimate was 30,000. Another was 100,000 at least.

Krakatoa was the biggest of the group of islands in the Straits. It was crested towards its southern end by Rakata, a volcanic cone about 3,000 feet high. About five miles long, Krakatoa had for its neighbours the islands of Verlaten and Lang, with many others, including White Rock and Pollish Hat.

There had not been any eruption from Krakatoa for two centuries. The natives of the mainland often visited the island to gather fruit and forest produce. Everybody thought that Krakatoa was "dead."

DUSTY MOUNTAIN.

In May, 1883, rumblings were heard at Batavia, a hundred miles or so away. Ships which sailed past the island reported that there was coming from it a fine dust that spread over the sea for hundreds of miles. But the rumblings died down and



The Pacific is a paradise that volcanic energy may make a hell.

people thought there was no danger.

A ship sent out to investigate came back with the news that the whole of Krakatoa had the appearance of a snowstorm.

The foliage on the island was all covered with dust. Trees were dying or dead, their branches starkly naked.

There was no sign of animal or bird life. From here and there flame belched out of new cones.

Then a series of smaller explosions began. It was like the massed fire of mighty guns. At Batavia, at Buitenzorg, at Anjer, at Telok Betong, on both sides of the Straits, the doors of houses rattled. Windows were broken.

The British ship Charles Bal (Captain Watson) was sailing within a score of miles of Krakatoa when lumps of pumice fell on the deck.

Captain Woolridge, of the Sir R. Sale, who was also in the vicinity, said that at 7 p.m. that Sunday evening the mountain resembled "a tall pine tree with forks of lightning and flames as the branches." One moment the sky was black, the next filled with flame.

All night the volcano roared and spat fire. At ten o'clock next morning the blow fell that literally made the world stagger and almost threw it out of its course in the heavens!

The explosion blew Krakatoa to smithereens. The island's highest peak was hurled 800 miles across the ocean and formed an island where it fell!

It was as if one of the Orkney Islands had been uprooted and dropped in the English Channel.

The noise was heard in New Guinea, in South Australia, in Japan, in India, in Ceylon, in Arabia, and in the Middle East.

BURNING SEA.

And after the explosion came worse. A Dutch scientist, named Von Gestle, who was perched high on a mountain at Anjer to observe Krakatoa, left it on record that suddenly "all along the Straits, in a line of flame straight to Krakatoa, the bottom of the sea belched open."

And as this tremendous crack blazed up the waters poured down in an unspeakable cataclysm. A mighty cracking arose, and a great hissing filled the air as the waters of the Straits poured down the chasm.

Yet the flames below were not extinguished.

Visibility was soon blotted out by the vapour that arose, and a screen of dust that stretched more than a thousand miles filled the air. Then blackness fell.

After the blackness worse still. As an immense tidal wave, or series of waves, reared up the roaring of the waters became deafening.

It seemed the end of the world had come, or that the planet Earth was being swamped back into the chaos from which it was formed.

Several hundred feet high these waves rushed forward and backward. They rolled towards Sumatra, over the shores of Java and away beyond towards Japan and China and southwards too.

Ships and boats vanished in that amazing avalanche. One ship, the man-of-war

Berouw, was carried miles inland in Sumatra and left dry fifty feet above sea-level. Two lighthouses toppled and fell into the abyss.

The city of Anjer was blotted out. At Merak a Chinese encampment was swept away. Telok Betong, capital of the Lampong district of Sumatra, vanished.

Almost incredible as it may seem, there was not a harbour in the world that was not affected by the waves. The mighty ripples reached to the River Thames and lapped up to the Houses of Parliament.

And afterwards? The island Polish Hat, among others, was no more. Various new islands had been formed—black and parched islands. The sea base around the Straits had been raised sixty feet.

Only a fragment of Krakatoa remained after the explosion; the northern part of the island

Here's Pin-up Special for Tel. Walter Barlow

THERE is someone who lives at 21 Hamilton Road, Kidderminster, who has just spent a rather lonely holiday at Blackpool. You, L/Tel. Walter Barlow, will know we mean Miss Freda Day.

When we called to get you a picture of her to remind you of home, she told us that although she quite enjoyed herself at Blackpool, she couldn't help being lonely when she thought what a good time she could have had if you had been there too.

Now, however, your girl-friend is back at work—still the old munitions—and is feeling just a bit fed-up with them. Still, by the time you read this, the manufacture of munitions should be a thing of the past.

She joins all her family, including her twin sister Betty, and her husband Eric, and Gladys in sending you the very best of good wishes for as speedy a return as you can make.

When you again visit Number 21 you will find things a little different, because, during our visit, Mr. and Mrs. Day were very busy redecorating the house. In spite of this, you will no doubt be able to recognise the small piece of the room that appears in the picture.

It may be the one place you want to get back to, Walter, but the Day family sometimes find it pleasant to spend an evening at the Bell Hotel, and they are looking forward to your being able to accompany them.

Incidentally, Jim Phillips sends you his best wishes, and says that he has a big, cool pint and a packet of cigarettes awaiting you.

Another place at Kidderminster that should be seeing a lot of Freda and you is the Gliderdrome. Miss Day is still keeping in practice there, but it is you that she is most looking forward to dancing with again.

With that assurance comes an end to the news from Hamilton Road and the girl who is pin-up special to you.



"Well, old George won his bet! 'E did lean over the furthest!"

was now 1,000 feet under the sea. The bulk that had been blown to dust was estimated at 200,000,000,000 (two hundred thousand million) cubic feet. That was the estimate of the Royal Society in London.

For years afterwards strange tricks were played by the sun, not only on the eastern hemisphere, but in the western too.

The sun became blue, purple, and often it became green.

All round the world reports were made of weird colours never before seen, nor seen since. Strange twilights were observed in Britain, filled with kaleidoscopic monstrous effects. And sometimes thunder was heard—but it was only the echoes in space of the greatest noise the ears of man ever listened to.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Salvage of White Reef

WITHIN a score of miles of Havana is the sponging life of the sea station of Macuda; it was on the high road that leads down to the beach that Gloria Whitaker first met Eddy Curd.

She had heard of Eddy, of course. The only time he joined them All the spongers of Macuda knew was when the schooners came in him by sight, but none of them with their loads and dumped them paid a great deal of attention to on the beach where a squad of him because he was regarded as coloured boys saw to the "dress-a newcomer to the trade. He didn't ing" of the catch.

make friends rapidly. The "dressing" consists of He had come down from hanging the sponges from posts Florida, it was guessed, though fixed above the sea shore so that some thought it was from Jamaica, the organic matter may be killed in his fast sailing schooner, and or blown away.

had dug about the islets where the Eddy was bringing ashore some sponges grow, poking a long tube of his gear on the occasion he with a glass-bottomed spyhole first met Gloria, and one of his at the lower end into the water. hooks caught in her dress and tore

The spongers had seen him now and then as they worked on the regular grounds. He never brought in much of a cargo, however, so they smiled to themselves and took little interest in him. If he wanted to make observa-

everybody's affair, and the spongers knew that Eddy was in love with Gloria, but they did not know him well enough to ask him how things were going, nor did he, as was the custom, tell anybody that he was in love with her; but her father, Dave Whitaker, saw that Gloria was always watching for Eddy's schooner; and he knew. The knowledge didn't please him.

3 day story of love among the Spongers

"If you want to fall in love," he said to her, as she was standing at the window of their sitting-room, "you'd better fall in love with someone who can do real sponging. That fellow, Eddy Curd, hasn't brought home a cargo worth a handful of dollars since he came here."

"Who said I was in love with him?" asked Gloria.

"You can't deny it," said her father. "Why do you always look glad when his schooner comes into the harbour?"

Well, Gloria couldn't answer that, so she didn't answer anything and her father shrugged his shoulders and went back to his books to make up his accounts.

It was a great worry squaring the accounts. Dave had a schooner which he did not sail himself, because he was no seaman, and he had bought the Traveller late in life. He engaged Larry Duke to sail

her. Larry worked the schooner with a coloured crew because that was cheaper and he got a bigger rake off the cargo than if he had used white men.

He took all he could get, did Larry, and that was more than Dave Whitaker could spare, but Larry had to get it for the sponge grounds were getting cleaned up and there was a constant demand for new grounds.

Larry was "on the make." He refused to drop his percentage when other skippers were dropping theirs to give the market a chance to steady up.

Sponging skippers were not plentiful, and, if he had gone, Dave Whitaker would not have been able to get another, and the Traveller would have been forced to lie in harbour doing nothing. That would have been black ruin.

"Do you see any signs of the boats coming in?" asked Dave suddenly, looking up from his books. "They were all out in that hurricane and I'm getting an uneasy feeling—"

"Some of them are coming," replied Gloria. "I can't see the Traveller."

Dave got up and went to the window beside Gloria. His eyes weren't as good as hers, so he got his telescope and trained it on the horizon where several dots were swinging up and down.

"I see Eddy Curd's boat," he said. "She's the fastest thing on the coast. That's her with the big white sails and the gold band round her hull. She's ahead of the others by a long way. Now, if I could afford a boat like that!"

"He's generally ahead of the others, Dad," smiled Gloria.

"Eh, what that you say, girl? Is it as bad as that?"

"It's as good as that, Dad," and takes most of my money. It Old man Whitaker put down his telescope and looked at his daughter curiously.

"Has he said anything to you?" asked Gloria. "And he'll be saying something to you when he comes in—"

"I won't hear it!" cried Dave. "What do you know about him? I won't have him coming down to Macuda from nowhere and making love to you! You can tell him that when he has done something he can talk to me about, not before."

"And if you had any thought for me you would consider the fact that Larry Duke is my skipper"

"The sponges. He has sponged on the banks in the Mediter-

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What colours are characteristic of these stones? Sapphire, Garnet, Ruby, Emerald, Turquoise.

2. What King of England was surnamed the Unready?

3. In which sport is there an annual competition for one-armed men?

4. What country built the first successful jet-propelled aeroplane?

5. Who invented trigonometry, and was known as the Father of Astronomy?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Nail, Screw, Rivet, Brad, Pin, Screw-nail, Tack.

Answers to Quiz in No. 754

1. Blue.

2. Alfred.

3. Horse racing.

4. Generating electricity.

5. Hero of Alexandria, about A.D. 100.

6. Rubble is not a furnace product; others are.

HOME TOWN GOSSIP

ALDERMEN and councillors of Plymouth City Council had their Chamber turned into a film studio for three days while scenes were "shot" for a forthcoming film dealing with the reconstruction of blitzed cities.

As many of the "actors" are a bit thin on top, the producer, Miss Jill Craigie, went round with a large powder puff, converting those shiny domes into matt surfaces.

YOU will have to put down a cash deposit in future if you want a chair on Plymouth Hoe.

When owing to damage and "removals" a stock of 200 deck-chairs dwindled to 40, the Parks Committee decided to put a stop to it.

So now loungers must walk to a central dump, and pay a deposit—probably a bob—before getting anything to sprawl in.

TANKS "full of filthy, green, stagnant water, attracting hordes of flies," aren't likely to improve the amenities of a popular holiday resort like Salcombe.

But Salcombe has several, and has to hold its nose as it goes by.

They belong to the N.F.S., and the local Council is "playing-stink" to get them shifted.

MR. ALFRED A. FORD, who acted as election agent to Major John Foot, son of Mr. Isaac Foot in the Bodmin Division, has been a Liberal agent for nearly fifty years.

He has spent all that time in the West Country.

Now aged 67, Mr. Ford says he just feels fit for another election—provided that it's not too far off!

THE story went the rounds in Exeter of two girls who left home on election day with the intention, they said, of voting for "the lady candidate."

This should have been the Liberal, Mrs. Griffith Morgan.

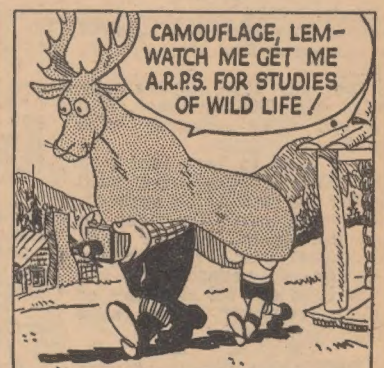
When they got back they were asked how they had voted. "Oh," they replied, "we found the lady candidate all right. We found her Christian name, 'Maude,' on the ballot paper."

So two quite unintentional votes went to Mr. John Maude, K.C., the Conservative!

THE "racket" by which owners of empty houses in Plymouth, who want to keep them empty, stick up "Let" notices to bamboozle the unwary, has been busted by the local Trades Council, who sent "scouts" all over town to compile a list of these "fishy" properties.

The list was then submitted to the authorities to aid them in requisitioning.

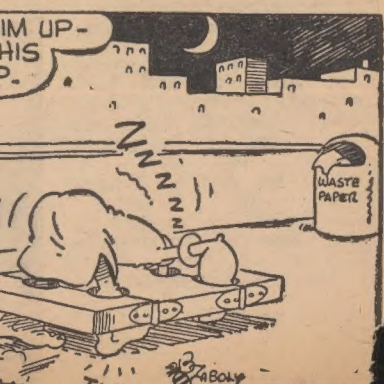
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 693

- 1. Behead a bird and get a quarrel.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: oldardtotatigbou.
- 3. What period of religious observance can be written in four capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I'm sure that the butterfly is the — of them all!

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 692

- 1. B-ROOK.
- 2. Become accustomed to counting the cost.
- 3. MITE.
- 4. Aside, ideas.

JANE

Salvage of White Reef

(Continued from Page 2) gale must have made him pull a small craft beating up under a anean; he is looking for new up his anchor and run for it. lug sail and heaving up and down banks somewhere behind the Andros I think I'll go down and see if on the billows like a swingboat Islands, south of Florida. That's any of the boys have word of at a fair. why he doesn't care whether he him." He pulled on his coat and as it made for the harbour. He brings cargo back or not. He is made his way down to the wharf. went to the farthest end of the just bringing specimens. But he's By the time he reached the jetty and kept his eye on her, going to ask you if I may go back harbour the big schooner belonging while his heart began to thump with him when he's finished his to Eddy Curd had entered the bay against his ribs. job." and was sliding along to her By the time the small boat was over the bar and inside the shelter "Go back with him?" echoed Dave. "You mean you are willing to marry him and leave me here to face ruin?" On the poop Eddy stood in shirt and trousers with his hand ing as loud as a drum. He put his telescope to his eye again, muttering to himself. down with a run, the anchor plumped into the water, and the vessel swung round slowly. The big schooner with the white sails was fast making the harbour, and away behind her, straggling to left and right, were other schooners, but not one of them was the Traveller. Eddy saw Dave on the jetty and waved his hand to him, but Dave did not return the salute, for he was watching the other "I can't make out what's boats coming in. The Traveller was not among up to the level of the wharf. He was met by Dave Whitaker. keeping Larry," said Dave, putting down his telescope. "The them; but far out on the sea was

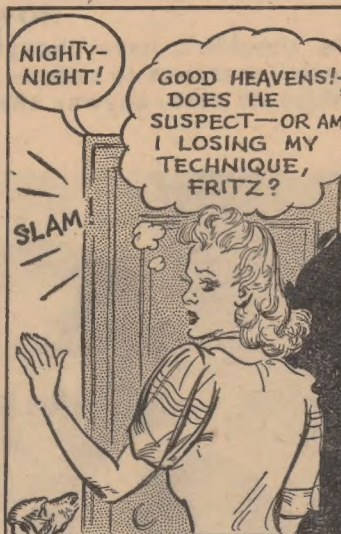
"Larry—" "I'm sorry, boss," said Larry. "The gale did it." "The gale? The gale? Where is the Traveller, Larry?" "I'll tell you, boss," said Larry, while the other spongers crowded round to listen, for they knew what it meant when he came home in the small lugsail. "The Traveller is lyin' in twelve fathoms over on the White Reef—driven ashore by the gale. She's finished." He stood biting a piece off his plug of tobacco and glancing at the faces of the spongers who listened to his tale of disaster. "If she's on the White Reef," said one, "she's a goner. There never was a boat salvaged off that reef yet, and there never will be. Had she much of a cargo, Larry?" "We hadn't quarter filled her," replied Larry, biting hard at his plug. "You know how quick that gale came down. We were coming down towards the usual grounds when it struck us and drove us ashore. There's nothing but her top masts showing. Went down like a stone. I've lost my gear and outfit." Old Dave Whitaker seemed to be struck stupid at the news. The Traveller was his only ship, his only method of making a living, his all. She stood between him and the ruin he had feared. "But her crew?" he managed to gasp hoarsely. "Where are the crew?" (To be continued)

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you a precious stone.

- 1. Rains heavily.
- 2. Small American coins.
- 3. Acts.
- 4. Girl's name.
- 5. A lion's cries
- 6. Jovial.
- 7. Of reddish hue.

Answer in No. 756.



Mrs. H. isn't Perfect

RAMSGATE has an added attraction, by the name of "Miss Harriett Jackson." But she is not the local pin-up girl. She is Lieutenant Fawcett-Challis's pet jackdaw and constant companion. Whenever he takes a stroll along the promenade, Harriett can be seen either on his wrist or shoulder, or fluttering around his head. Anyone can stroke her without fear of being pecked, but for this privilege she expects a reward in the shape of something to eat. When she was first taken from her nest, in the days when she had only a very few feathers, she was brought up on bread and milk, but she has since acquired a taste for whelks. But no one is perfect, and that goes for Miss Harriett. As a matter of fact, she has one very nasty failing. She is an incurable kleptomaniac. No piece of jewellery is safe from her taking ways, and she also has the habit of collecting sixpenny-pieces and taking them to her master. "Recently," said Lieut. Fawcett-Challis, "she has developed a habit of collecting pieces of paper, and has become very unpopular with the mess steward, who wondered for a long time where all the wine chits were disappearing, until he found them in my cabin." "I christened her 'Miss Harriett Jackson,'" he added, "because I like the name of Harriett, and Jackson seems to be a natural name for a jackdaw." P. L.

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

DAPPER SURF
RULE OBAN O
AGATHA MILD
MEN ADAPTED
REAR CLYDE
L VOICE R
ETHEL ERST
AWARDED HIP
DOLT BEGONE
E VERB URGE
NEED SIMNEL

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11		12			13
14				15		16		
17					18		19	
	20			21		22		
23		24		25				
26	27		28			29	30	31
32		33		34		35		36
37			38			39	40	
	41							
42						43		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Tents, etc. 5 Size of type. 10 Vegetable. 12 Alone. 14 Irish county. 16 Cheat. 17 Marine reptiles. 19 Consumed. 20 Shelter. 21 Stirred up. 24 Molluscs. 26 Exclamation. 28 Row. 29 Continent. 32 Wood. 34 Rank. 36 Weight. 37 Refraction figure. 39 Centre. 41 Not active. 42 Exhibited. 43 Job of work.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Garment. 2 Cancel. 3 Wood joints. 4 Fore-shadow. 6 Remains. 7 Horse. 8 Otherwise. 9 Requested. 11 Nothing. 13 Beyond. 15 Sheep. 18 The sun. 22 Republic. 23 Ship's stern. 25 R.A.F. 27 Strident. 30 Deer. 31 Against. 33 1,000. 35 Little bit. 38 stitch. 40 Girl's name.



MEET "BRITISH VENUS 1945"—MAYBE.

The gal in the knitted swimsuit is 20-year-old Cherry Richards, of Doncaster, and she was adjudged finalist in a contest to discover the girl with the perfect figure. Cherry comes up for final vetting before a panel of health and beauty experts in London next month. Personally, we're rooting for Cherry—until we see the other finalists.



HOW TO ACQUIRE A SLIM SEAT.

We shouldn't have thought that "schoolgirl-figure" Cecelia Parker needed special exercises to reduce her sit-spot. Maybe she's just exercising the swing to reduce its seat—anyway that's what the picture said and that's the story we're sticking to.



BATHING BELLES FROM BALI.

These two Balinese girls with the charming smiles and other things keep cool by sitting in the stream. They wear their towels round their raven tresses to prevent them getting wet. The towels, we mean.



DANIEL IN THE LIONESS'S DEN !

The solitary sailor sits in the judging room among a crowd of proud Mums at a baby show, held at Plymouth. He did it for a bet. He won the bet, but his infant son—who slept through Daddy's ordeal—did not win the prize.



THANKS FOR THE INVITE—WE WILL !

Hare Inn—now, isn't that a grand name for a boozier. Not, of course, that it is our habit to wait for an invitation when we come abreast of a place of refreshment—we usually hare in ! This sensibly-named pub is to be found in the village of Scawton, Yorkshire.